

BY

DICK STEELE AND A. C. MONSON.

SCENE: TEXAS, 1862-1872.

Acting Edition.

AUSTIN, TEXAS:
TEXAS SIFTINGS PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1883.



THE
LOYAL LEAGUE.
A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

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CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

JUDGE JOSEPH BRINLEY—A chivalrous Southerner.

HENRY BURNHAM—A Northerner; schoolmaster and physician. }

COLONEL BURNHAM—Officer in Union army. }

DANIEL BRINLEY—Brother of Judge Brinley. A Texas planter.

LEW WALLACE—A desperado; “has killed his man.”

JOE HART—A Texas Ranchero: “To-morrow the sun may be shining, although it is cloudy to-day.”

HANK BASSION—A companion piece to Lew Wallace.

TOBE—Negro servant. Goes from “badness” to “wussness.”

DR. BILGER—Physician in Addleville.

DIVA BRINLEY—Only daughter of Judge Brinley; in first act aged eight, in second eighteen.

SERENA TODD—A ringing bell(e) of Addleville. Very intense.

MRS. BRINLEY—Wife of Judge Brinley.

Guards, Villagers, Members of the Loyal League, etc.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—THREE HOURS.

COSTUMES.

JUDGE BRINLEY.—*Act I., Scene I.*—Black dress suit and white vest. *Scene II.*—Confederate Colonel’s uniform. *Act II., Scenes I. and III.*—Brown jeans farmer’s suit. *Act III., Scene II.*—Same. *Act IV., Scene II.*—Same. *Act V., Scene II.*—Rich modern business suit.

DANIEL BRINLEY.—*Act I., Scene I.*—Gray business suit. *Act I., Scene II.*—Ragged Confederate uniform. *Act III., Scene I.*—Ragged suit; long hair; old blanket over shoulders; long cavalry boots; spurs. *Act V., Scene I.*—Same. *Scene II.*—Black dress suit.

HENRY BURNHAM.—*Act II., Scene I.*—Gray sack coat, business suit. *Scene II.*—Same, with gray overcoat. *Scene III.*—Blue suit; blue flannel shirt; black tie; long boots. *Act III., Scene I.*—Same. *Act IV., Scene I.*—Gray overcoat; light fur hat. *Act V., Scene I.*—Same. *Scene II.*—Black suit.

LEW WALLACE.—Black pants, long boots, gray flannel shirt, red tie, belt, long gray sack coat, wide brimmed hat; red hair.

JOE HART.—*Act II., Scene I.*—Gray pants, leather leggins, blue flannel shirt, short gray sack coat, light sombrero. *Scene III.*—Same, without leggins. *Act III., Scene II.*—Same. *Act IV., Scene II.*—Same. *Act V., Scene I.*—Same, with leggins. *Scene II.*—Black dress coat, yellow vest, soft black hat.

HANK BASSION.—Sombrero, red shirt, black pants, gray sack coat, leather belt

TOBE.—*Act I., Scene I.*—Black swallow-tailed coat, white vest, white neck tie, black pants. *Act II., Scene I.*—Old striped, patched pants, gray wig, checked shirt. *Scene III.*—Same. *Act IV., Scene I.*—Same, with ragged coat and hat. *Act V., Scene II.*—Same as *Act I., Scene I.*

DR. BILGER.—*Act III., Scene II.*—Black professional suit, silk hat. *Act IV., Scene I.*—Dressing gown and slippers, night cap.

COL. BURNHAM.—Federal Colonel's uniform.

DIVA BRINLEY.—*Act I., Scene I.*—Child's light pink dress; hair curled. *Act II., Scene I.*—Simple, but tasteful toilet; hat and shawl. *Scene III.*—Grey dress, neat collar and tie. *Act III., Scene II.*—Similar to *Act II., Scene I.* *Act IV., Scene II.*—Same. *Act V., Scene II.*—Rich evening toilet; bracelets; pins and earrings.

SERENA TODD—*Act II., Scene III.*—Rich, dark dress; handsome jewelry; gold watch and chain. *Act IV., Scene II.*—Rich street costume. *Act V., Scene II.*—Rich, dark evening toilet.

MRS. BRINLEY.—*Act I., Scene I.*—Rich toilet and jewelry. *Act II., Scene I.*—Faded grey dress; neat cap. *Scene III.*—Same. *Act V., Scene II.*—Rich evening toilet.

PROPERTIES.

Act I., Scene I.—Rich lounge; library table; tropical flowers in vases; notes and documents; ink bottle and pens; lamps; bottle; glasses; chairs. *Scene II.*—Muskets; camp stools; stretcher; three swords and belts; tents; camp fires.

Act II., Scene I.—Gun; rough table; clock; chairs; cupboard; dishes; dish pan; water pail; tin cup; rude pictures; simple wild flowers; note for Lew Wallace, and silver dollar. *Scene II.*—Crippled table; rough benches; gavel; candles; papers; report of Lew Wallace; bottle of whisky; watch, for Boggs; pistol in Burnt am's overcoat. *Scene III.*—Same as *Scene I.*, with basin of water; bottle of medicine; needle, thread and cloth for Mrs. Brinley; embroidery work for Diva; fan for Serena.

ACT III., *Scene I.*—Iron box and papers; sack of coin; old spade.
Scene II.—Three letters; cane for Doctor Bilger; knife and pistols.

ACT IV., *Scene I.*—Lighted candles; pistol; medicine case. *Scene II.*—Knife; pistols; fans.

ACT V., *Scene I.*—Roll of paper; three pistols. *Scene II.*—Elegant lounge; table; easy chair; bottle of wine, vial of medicine; glasses; tropical flowers.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. SCENE I. Home of Judge Brinley. Arrival of Daniel. Tobe manifests a desire to go to "wah" on account of the chickens. Last parting instructions of Judge Brinley to his brother. "Who guards the home helps him who wields the sword."

SCENE II. Federal camp in Mississippi. Capture of Colonel Brinley. Story of the spy. Death of Daniel Brinley. "In war or in peace, in sunshine or shadow, my brother shall be avenged!"

An interval of ten years is supposed to elapse between the first and second acts.

ACT II. SCENE I. Cottage home of Judge Brinley. Tobe receives company. The accepted lover. Renunciation. "The Northern sword has robbed you of your fortune and your kindred!"

SCENE II. Lodge room of the Loyal League. Report of the destruction committee. Withdrawal of Henry Burnham. A severe case of apoplexy. "I'll haag him by the law!"

SCENE III. "Would they hurt an unarmed man in time of peace?" The new schoolmaster discussed.

"I am free, though, to say,
 While through time we now whirl,
 That there's something intense
 In a red-head'd girl!"

"Julia, pay the young man, and let him go." "My love shall live—but go!"

ACT III. SCENE I. Lew Wallace as a sleuth hound. "To what weak straws will clutch a drowning man?"

SCENE II. Public park in Addleville. The anonymous letter. The compact. "To-morrow the sun may be shining, although it is cloudy to-day."

ACT IV. SCENE I. Tobe on the tramp. Quarters for the night.

SCENE II. Street in Addleville. "He a murderer! Girl, you lie!" One more renunciation. The "gamest girl in Texas."

ACT V. SCENE I. Wood scene near Addleville. The hunter and the hunted. Lew Wallace not at home. "They don't hang men with money."

SCENE II. Called from labor unto rest. The bequest. Not here, but up there are "peacefully assembled the brave and the noble from both sides of the battle line—the only true Loyal League!"

STORY OF THE LOYAL LEAGUE.

The political organization known as "The Loyal League," was one of the principal factors in the reconstruction movement some years after the war. In some of the Southern States there were branches of this clan composed of very good and conscientious men; but there were many more of these societies that were made up of, and led by, the very worst of unprincipled desperadoes and lawless citizens. Such were, in most cases, the various local organizations of that name in the State of Texas. The Loyal League, as connected with the plot and development of this drama, is no fiction, but a stern reality; and the authors have, for obvious reasons, refrained from recording or presenting the worst outrages to life and property perpetrated by these bands of vultures. While the ostentatious object of these societies was doubtless a patriotic and noble one, still, many wolves donned the sheep's clothing and made themselves the subjects of a by-word of terror throughout the entire State.

THE LOYAL LEAGUE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A room in the mansion house of JUDGE BRINLEY, elegantly furnished in Southern style. JUDGE BRINLEY discovered seated at library table, R. C., examining papers; MRS. BRINLEY and DIVA on sofa, R.*

JUDGE B. Well, my dear, if Daniel is prompt in responding to my letter, I shall be able to leave to-morrow night for my regiment. He is due to-day.

MRS. B. So soon! O, Joseph, why are you so determined on your resolve?

DIVA. O, papa, don't go to war, and leave mamma and I all alone.

JUDGE B. No, no, child. Trust me, I will not leave you all alone. Your uncle Daniel will protect you both. Yes, my darlings, remember it is not I who seek this broil; but could I—could I contentedly remain aloof from those, our neighbors, whose destinies are so woven in with ours that to remain at home would stamp one as an ingrate, a dastard, and a coward?

MRS. B. God's will, not mine, be done. O, Joseph, and yet—and yet—

JUDGE B. But think, dear Julia, your lot, though seeming hard, is lighter far than that of thousands of brave Southern women who are left to fight for bread at home, while husbands, sons and brothers battle for the Southern cause.

MRS. B. Would to Heaven, Joseph, that this deadly strife could be averted.

JUDGE B. True, Julia, but now it is too late. Willingly would I sacrifice half my inheritance and liberate every slave rather than raise my hand against my fellow countrymen. But even that would be of no avail. Remember, I place you in Daniel's hands, and confide to him my earthly all. But it is time that Daniel came.

[Enter TOBE, L. 1 E.]

TOBE. Gemman at de doah, sah.

JUDGE B. Show him in. I have no doubt it is Daniel.

[Exit TOBE, L. 1 E.]

DIVA. Will uncle Daniel stay with us, papa, when you have gone to war?

JUDGE B. Yes, little one, he will stay with you part of the time.

[Enter DANIEL BRINLEY, L. 1 E.]

JUDGE B. (*Rising and crossing L. C.*) Welcome, brother.

MRS. B. (*Rising, comes down C.*) Yes, Daniel, thrice welcome in this dark hour.

DANIEL B. Yes, Julia, dark indeed, but the hope for early peace must be our comfort. (*Sits L. C.*)

JUDGE B. (*Seats R. C.*) Brother, you doubtless know why I sent for you.

DANIEL. To say good bye.

JUDGE B. Yes, yes. Julia, you and Diva leave us awhile, and we will answer the call for dinner.

[Exit MRS. BRINLEY and DIVA, C. U. E.]

DANIEL. Brother, these are dark and troublesome times. The more I think of them, the more am I inclined to go with you.

JUDGE B. Not so, Daniel. I called you here to say good bye, 'tis true. I also sent for you to place in your hands a high and holy trust, my family and my worldly goods.

DANIEL. And do you expect me to remain and strike no blow for our country?

JUDGE B. I would expect nothing of the kind from a Brinley; but remember, Daniel, he who guards the home helps him who wields the sword. Still, the hour may come when necessity will be the law which will force the guardian of every home on to the tented field.

DANIEL. And when that hour arrives I'll not be slow in answering the call. (*crosses L.*)

JUDGE B. I am sure of that, but now to business. (*Daniel seats L. of table.*) First, however, I must remember hospitality. (*rings.*)

[Enter TOBE, U. C. E.] Wine.

TOBE. Yes, sah. (*hesitates.*)

JUDGE B. Well, Tobe, what are you waiting for?

TOBE. Massa Brinley, I'se done heard dat yuse gwine ter de wah. Am dat a fac?

JUDGE B. Yes, Tobe.

TOBE. I wish I—

JUDGE B. Well, what is it you wish?

TOBE.—Why, I wishes dat I—dat—er—dat—dat—

JUDGE B. Well, out with it.

TOBE.—I wish I was a—a—a—

JUDGE B. What the devil is the matter with you, Tobe?

TOBE. (c.) I wishes dat I—was—a—gwine along—along—along—along wuff you, massa—boo-hoo! boo-hoo!

[Exit U. C. E.]

DANIEL. Poor fellow. He feels badly.

JUDGE B. Yes, and I shall have to sneak away like a thief in the night, or have the whole plantation boo-hooing at my heels.

DANIEL. That was just about my situation when I left home. My boys imagined that I was going to the front to join a regiment, and they followed me for miles with questions, protestations and lamentations.

JUDGE B. In these times it is quite natural that they should feel unsettled and apprehensive.

[Enter TOBE, U. C. E. *Places wine on table.*]

JUDGE B. Here you are.

TOBE. Yes, sah.

JUDGE B. Is this the old St. Julian?

TOBE. The very auncientest wine in de hull cellah.

JUDGE B. Let's see. Do you know how old this wine is?

TOBE. Yes, sah. You know when Miss Diva was born.

JUDGE B. Eight years ago tuis summer.

TOBE. Yes. Wal, I drawed it off and bottled it dat berry sea-
son. And hit's been bottled ebber since.

JUDGE B. You can go now, Tobe. (TOBE hesitates.) Well, go.

TOBE. But ain't yer gwine ter— ter—

JUDGE B. What.

TOBE. Ain't yer gwine ter reconsider?

JUDGE B. Reconsider what?

TOBE. Why, reconsider an' stay hum from de wah, or else take
Tobe along wid yer. Ise a lively boy among de chickens.

JUDGE B. Among the chickens?

TOBE. Yes, sah. Yuse gwine to be a colonel, I heah, an' a colo-
nel ain't no 'spectable colonel unless he has plenty chickens at his
headquarters, and Ise de lad whattle fetch 'em. Ha! ha! O, yo!
yum!

JUDGE B. No, you stay here, Tobe, and see that the family have chickens, and your duty will be done. [Exit TOBE, U. C. E.] And now, brother, to business. Time is precious. When our father died, four years ago, he left us a joint inheritance of one hundred and forty thousand dollars, the entire amount of which has, by your request, been in my keeping until now. This is no time for invest-
ment.

DANIEL. That is true.

JUDGE B. Therefore it becomes necessary to secure this money in some safe place. I have here drafts and bills of exchange on English banks to the full amount of your seventy and my seventy thousand dollars. Upon the conversion of this paper into gold, American if possible, if not, Mexican gold, your share, as well as mine, must be buried in some secret place, for we know not what day the State of Texas may be invaded by the Federal troops, and pillaged from the Red River to the Rio Grande. You, Daniel, will bury it in a place, the selection of which I leave to your good judg-
ment. Make a complicated cipher map of the locality, after a care-
ful survey, and secure the map in as safe a place as possible.

DANIEL. But you will assist me in this?

JUDGE B. Impossible, brother. I leave to-morrow.

DANIEL. Shall we not inform our wives of the place of concealment?

JUDGE B. No. By no means. Villains can frighten secrets out of the best of women. It is well known throughout the whole village of Addleville that we possess this money jointly, and many a sharp eye will be on the lookout for it. In times like these we hardly know friend from foe—the patriot from the traitor. Should the Southern cause be lost—which God forbid—we still shall have a competence for our families. (*rises.*)

[Enter MRS. BRINLEY and DIVA, u. c. E.]

MRS. B. Can we come in?

JUDGE B. (*to DANIEL*). S-s-s-h! (*aloud*) Yes, dear; is dinner ready?

Mrs. B. It is. (*to DANIEL*) You will remain with us several days, brother Daniel?

DANIEL. (*Rises and comes down c.*) I cannot remain long, now. I must leave to-morrow, as wife and the little ones expect me home.

DIVA. Uncle Daniel, be sure and give my love to cousin Frank and Sadie.

DANIEL. I will, Diva, and (*takes Diva's hands*) I forgot to tell you that Frank and Sadie sent you a thousand kisses each. Shall I deliver them all now? (*Kisses DIVA, who runs laughing to MRS. BRINLEY. Bell rings.*)

JUDGE B. (*L. c.*) Daniel, I am not faint-hearted, but it will be a hard, hard struggle to part from these two dear ones. It will test my courage sorely. Guard them well, brother, guard them well. (*All go up c.*)

DANIEL. Brother, I will.

DANIEL B.

R. R. C. JUDGE B. U. C. MRS. B. DIVA. L. C. L.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—*Federal Camp, Mississippi. Guards R. and L. Sentry on beat, u. c. Tents, camp fire, etc. Cut wood.*

[Enter COLONEL BURNHAM and aid-d-camp L. 2 E. Guards salute. COLONEL BURNHAM and aid-de-camp R. U. C.]

COL. BURNHAM. Any news from the front?

AID. None, save that several companies of rebels are scouting down the stream below.

COL. BURNHAM. Have you doubled the force on the picket lines?

AID. Your orders have been obeyed, sir.

COL. BURNHAM. How far down the railroad are the outer posts?

AID. Two miles.

COL. BURNHAM. Has that rebel spy been seen lately?

AID. He was seen this morning, well mounted, and he received the fire of ten or fifteen men, and then apparently got off without a scratch. He seems to lead a charmed life, sir. This is now the third time our men have fired on him. This time he was bold enough to wear a ragged Confederate uniform.

(*Noise, voices outside, L. 2 E.*)

COL. BURNHAM. Ah! what is all this noise about?

[Enter Union soldiers with COLONEL JOSEPH BRINLEY L. 2 E.]

FIRST SOLDIER. A prisoner, sir. (*Salutes.*)

COL. BURNHAM. And quite a valuable one, too, I should say. (*To BRINLEY, extending his hand.*) I see by your uniform that you are of my own rank. Welcome to Camp Ulysses! I am Colonel Burnham, in command.

COL. BRINLEY. I would much rather hear you say "good bye" than "welcome," Colonel.

COL. BURNHAM. I do not doubt it, under the circumstances, but I am afraid we cannot part with such good company. How many of our men do you suppose the Southern Confederacy would give for your release?

COL. BRINLEY. Well, sir, I cannot tell; not knowing the exact value the Southern cause places upon my humble aid. They have, however, several thousand of your men whom they would be glad to get rid of, as they are terrible ea'ers. Ha! ha!

COL. BURNHAM. Yes, our men are blessed with good, healthy appetites, and we, also, have the wherewithal to feed them. By the way, Colonel, have you a brother in the Confederate service?

COL. BRINLEY. I have not.

COL. BURNHAM. The reason I asked you, Colonel, is this: We are looking out for a notorious, bold, daring and successful Confederate spy. We have, nearly all of us, seen him once or twice, and he bears a remarkably strong resemblance to yourself, if you will pardon the comparison.

COL. BRINLEY. (*crosses L. aside.*) Is it possible that Daniel has left the old home—betrayed his trust and enlisted? (*aloud*) No Colonel, I have no near relative in the service. (*COLONELS BURNHAM and BRINLEY retire up c.; noise outside L. 2 E., firing.*)

COL. BURNHAM. Some more commotion on the left. This promises to be quite an exciting day. [Enter DANIEL BRINLEY L. 2 E., *in great haste, pursued by Union soldiers.*]

GUARD. (L.) The spy! the spy! Halt!

COL. BURNHAM. Fire upon him! [*Sentry, R. U. C., shoots DANIEL, who falls R. C.* COL. BURNHAM comes down R. followed by COL. BRINLEY.]

COL. BRINLEY (*excitedly*). Great God! 'tis Daniel. (*Falls on knees over the prostrate form of DANIEL.*)

COL. BURNHAM. Do you know this man?

COL. BRINLEY. YES!

COL. BURNHAM. Who is he?

COL. BRINLEY. MY BROTHER! (*bus.*)

COL. BURNHAM. Then, Colonel—I have not learned your name.

COL. BRINLEY. I am Colonel Joe Brinley, of the Seventh Texas Infantry.

COL. BURNHAM. And this man, your brother, is the long sought spy.

COL. BRINLEY. [Rising.] You lie! My brother could have been nothing but an honorable soldier, true to his word, his sword and his country!

COL. BURNHAM. But you said you had no brother in the service.

COL. BRINLEY. True, nor did I know he was a soldier until I saw him shot down like a dog before my eyes.

[*Bus. Enter Federal soldier in haste l. 2. E.*

SOLDIER. Redpath, the rebel spy, has just been killed at Clinton's Bluff!

COL. BURNHAM. How! The true spy killed! Corporal Grind, you know his features well. Look, look at this man, dying. Is he not the one? [*Soldier gazes at Daniel Brinley.*]

SOLDIER. No.

COL. BURNHAM. Then go—haste—bring me further word regarding Redpath. Colonel Brinley, this is a horrible mistake if what this soldier says be true. [*Bus. Daniel.*]

COL. BRINLEY. He's dying.

COL. BURNHAM. Alas! too true; but, guards, bear him to the hospital. [*Exit two guards, R. 2 E., with Daniel on stretcher.*]

COL. BRINLEY. [Crosses l.] Yes, you have shot him like a beast of prey. Now bear him off and cast him in some filthy Yankee trench! Let him moulder away without a stake to mark his rude and humble grave! Without one word of warning you have killed an honorable soldier, chivalrous, gentle, brave. And mark you further, blue-coated assassin, not only have you taken my brother's life, but you have robbed his wife and mine; his children and my own of a humble fortune, yet our all, the hiding place of which none knew but he. But—what is buried treasure to the life of such a man as Daniel Brinley? Colonel Burnham, by the Heaven above I swear it! By the sacred name of the mother who bore us both, I swear that, should you and I meet on the field of battle, or in smiling peace; in open highway or under cover; in darkness or daylight; in any place upon the face of God's green earth, when I am free, it is DEATH—DEATH between us two! [*Guards close up around Brinley.*] Ay! Surround me with bayonets! Close up around; I am a prisoner and unarmed. Close in—but when I'm free and we two meet—in war or in peace—my brother's blood shall be avenged and his murderer hurled to hell! By the eternal, just and righteous God, I swear it! [*Tableau. COL. BRINLEY C. Guards on either side. COL. BURNHAM L.*]

CURTAIN.

An interval of ten years is supposed to have elapsed between the first and second acts.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Interior of JUDGE BRINLEY'S log house. A gun hanging over fire place; rough table and chairs; D. L. F. Practicable window c. F.; a few pictures, clock, etc.; an attempt at refinement, in spite of the homeliness of the furniture. TOBE at table R. U. C., washing dishes.*

TOBE. Things am a gwine from badness to wussness. Ole Massa Brinley can't afford to keep Tobe hanging on here by his toe nails much longer, dat's sartin. Tobe'll have ter take ter der road, suah, an' rustle for a libbin'. (*Noise outside D. L. F. Tobe drops plate.*) What's dat? 'Pears ter me suthin's gwine ter happen. I kin remember in dem good ole days afore de wah, when Massa Brinley libbed in de great mansion house on de hill, whuff carpets an inch thick on de floah, an' fine satin kivered cheers. (*Noise outside D. L. F. Tobe drops plate.*) Whuff—whuff—whuff am dat? An' fine satin kivered cheers, an' long red chins curtins, an' flower pots fer Miss Diva, an' a pony, an' O, yum! it jus' breaks ole Tobe up ter think ob de wine! Barrils an' barrils ob de stuff dat would curl de har on de head. An' I uther bottle it—um. (*Noise outside D. C. F. Tobe drops cup*) Dar' suffin' wrong about dis house. Dar's queer things gwine ou outside, an' I se inside smashin' up de dishes. Yaas, dat wine would curl de har on de head ob de whitest man in fourteen counties. O, Lordy! An' now we doan hardly know one meal whattle go inter de pot fer de nex'. Reckin' Tobe'll hab ter go a trampin' like de res' ob de tra-h. I kin remember when Massa Brinley came home—God bress him—sed he ter me, sez he, "Tobe yuse free now—juss as free as I is, an' ef yer wants ter leab me, yer kin do it, foh I aint got nuffin' fer ter pay yer wuff; but, Tobe, ef yer wants ter stay an' eat what I eat, den, Tobe, hyars yer hum." Den I, an' all de rest ob de niggers wanted ter hug de ole man, but he looked so meloncolic like dat dey all didn't say a word, but juss sniffed, an' sobbed, an' wiped dere eyes, an' walked off. De ole Massa was terrible cut up about de death ob his brother Daniel. But de ole man is gittin' powerful po' and hard up, an' hit makes him crabbid like. Reckin I better git de dishes outen de way. (*Noise outside. TOBE drops a saucer.*) Come in! Reckin I had better git de dishes outen de way, or dere won't be enuff leff ter set de table. (*Puts dishes away in cupboard in U. L.*)

[Enter LEW WALLACE, D. L. F.]

LEW. Good evening, you chuckle headed scullion.

TOBE. (R. C. nodding toward D. L. F.) Good bye, yer ole sorrel top. Yer kin go right out the same way yer come in.

LEW. (Sits R. C.) Now, come, don't be cranky, but give me a drink of water. That's what I came in for.

TOBE. (Coming down L.) Why doan yer go down ter de ribber an' distinguish dat conflegrashun on yer head? Was dat yo' makin' all dat racket out dar?

LEW. What racket?

TOBE. Dat debblish racket.

LEW. I was trying to knock my way in, that's all.

TOBE. (Aside.) Yes, an' I'se a mighty good notion ter knock yer way out. (Aloud.) Dar's de water pail. Go soak yer head. (LEW goes U. L. and drinks and again sits R. C.)

LEW. Why don't you offer me some whisky, Tobe?

TOBE. (Sits L.) I doan reckon nobody need offer you anything. You ginerally *take* widdout bein' offered.

LEW. (Angrily.) What are you talking about, you moke?

TOBE. Why, I've heard—I've heard—I've heard—

LEW. Well, what the devil have you heard?

TOBE. Nuffin.

LEW. Where are all t e folks?

TOBE. Whit folks?

LEW. Judge Brinley, and his wife, and handsome daughter.

TOBE. Dey isn't here.

LEW. I know they are not here, but where are they?

TOBE. D'y's out. (knocking at door in flat) Come right in. I'se a regular reception committee dis ebenin'. I'se holdin' a levee. (Enter Joe Hart D. L. F.) Why, good ebenin' (rises) Massa Hart.

JOE HART. Howdy, Tobe. Is the Judge in?

TOBE. (L.) De Judge am out.

JOE. (c.) Where do you think he is?

TOBE. (Leaning on back of chair with one foot on round.) I doan know, Massa Hart. De Judge am worried a good deal lately, an' he am liable ter be moonin' aroun' mos' anywhere. De Judge am seein' a heap ob trouble nowdays.

JOE. [Crosses L.] I know it, Tobe. But remember, to-morrow the sun may be shining, although it is cloudy to-day.

[Exit, D. L. F.]

TOBE. [Sits L.] Dat's a mighty good hearted boy.

LEW. Don't know much about him. A mighty good milksop, I should call him.

TOBE. [Looks intently at LEW.] Dat's whar you is off. Dat boy's a dandy.

LEW. By the way, Tobe, will you give this note to Miss Diva when she comes back? [Rises and crosses L.]

TOBE. Did I say I would?

LEW. Here's a dollar. [Gives money and note.] You just give her the note.

TOBE. [Rises.] All right, when Tobe says he will do a thing, he'll do it.

LEW. [Goes up L.] I know it, Tobe. Tra-la-le!

[Exit, D. L. F.]

TOBE. But I didn't quite say it? [Tears note and throws it into fireplace.] I ain't no match maker between young folks, and dere won't be any love los' ef she nebber gits de note. (Enter MRS. BRINLEY, R. 2 E.) Say, Missus Brinley, does you know Lew Wallace?

MRS. B. [R. C.] Yes, I have met him once or twice, and heard of him quite often. He is one of the prominent members of the Loyal League.

TOBE (*Leaning on a chair, L.*). Yes, he am a Loyal Leaguer. Wal, he war here.

MRS. B. Was here!

TOBE. Yessum. He stayed and disgusted me about an hour an' a half.

MRS. B. Why, what could he want here?

TOBE. I don't know. I specks likely he war gittin' de bearings ob de chicken roost. Missus Brinley, what's come ober de ole Massa Brinley, dat makes him so hifalutin like? 'Pears to me he's gettin' wilder dan a hawk.

MRS. B. You know Mr. Brinley has a great deal of trouble, Tobe—trouble which would well break down a stronger man than he.

TOBE. Sometimes I done think he's gwine to knock de hull top ob my head off.

MRS. B. Yes; but, Tobe, do you know a kinder man at heart?

TOBE. Nebber seed one in all my born days.

MRS. B. [*Goes up R.*] Well, Tobe, as you are through with the—Why, Tobe! who broke these dishes?

TOBE. Lew Wallace.

MRS. B. Lew Wallace! [*Comes down R.*]

TOBE. Yessum. He frowed 'em at de cat. [*Exit D. L. F.*]

MRS. B. [*Sits R.*] What the end will be Heaven only knows. From day to day the scanty leavings of our fortune grow less and less, and debts pile themselves on debts. Poor Joseph is no longer himself, but roams aimlessly about from pillar to post, not knowing what to do. He has an idea now that he will be a candidate for Congress, but the Loyal League, I hear, have sworn to defeat him at the polls. O, the cruelty of war, that leaves us years of desolation! The memory of the happy days gone by are bitterly sweet. If Daniel had not been killed, all would have been well. With a fortune buried somewhere, yet lost to us forever, we eat the coarse-grained bread of poverty, and tremble for the future. Ah, poor Diva! What will her future be? Perhaps it was as well for Daniel that death released his spirit and spared him the agony of returning to a home deserted, ruined, and the graves of wife and children. What sad results followed the noblest aspirations. A true and loyal Brinley, he became fired with enthusiasm for the Southern cause. He begged us to release him from his promise to my husband—begged his wife and children to be brave in his absence—and we yielded. And then— And then he was shot down before his brother's eyes, and died without one word between them.

[*Enter HENRY BURNHAM and DIVA, D. L. F.*]

DIVA. (*To BURNHAM.*) Welcome, Sir Henry, to Poverty Hall. You know all fine people have halls and buronial castles. Well, we are fine people, sub rosa, you know, and I have named our hall Poverty, so as to retain the unities, as the play writers say. O, I am so forgetful. Mamma, this is Mr. Burnham, of whom you have heard me speak. Mrs. Brinley, Mr. Burnham.

MRS. B. (*Rising and taking his hand.*) If I mistake not, you are the new principal of the academy.

BURNHAM. Yes, madam, I have the honor of the place, and the somewhat heavier responsibility of the pupils. [Sits L.] I do not know how I shall succeed.

DIVA. [c.] And more than that, he is almost a doctor.

MRS. B. [Sits R.] Almost a doctor, Diva!

DIVA. Yes, he has long been studying for the medical profession, and will soon practice.

MRS. B. Indeed.

DIVA. (Confused.) Yes.

BURNHAM. Mrs. Brinley, though we have never met before—though you may deem my suit preposterous—myself abrupt, I have come to you with her I love, to ask a mother for her daughter's hand. I trust I have won the heart.

MRS. B. Mr. Burnham! Diva! Is this true?

DIVA. [Crosses to L. and places hand on BURNHAM's shoulder.] I hope, mother that it is happily true.

MRS. B. Mr. Burnham, this is indeed sudden. You have come to me and asked for the last remaining treasure left to our humble home. You have come like an honorable man and asked that which I cannot give alone. Her father must join his consent with mine. Gain his, and mine shall not be lacking.

BURNHAM. Madam, a thousand thanks (rises). Diva, one victory won; I go to gain the other. [Kisses DIVA, exit D. L. F.]

MRS. B. Diva, this is serious. Your father never will consent.

DIVA. O, mother, don't say that. You do not know how noble, generous and true Henry is.

MRS. B. Ah, Diva, he may be all that, but—I have heard that he is from the North.

DIVA. (Sits c.) True, mother.

MRS. B. You know your father's bitterness.

DIVA. Too well. [Enter JUDGE BRINLEY, D. L. F. DIVA goes up R.]

MRS. B. Where have you been, my dear?

JUDGE B. (Impatiently). "Dear!" Don't "dear" me, Julia. I am in no mood for it. Where's Diva? Why don't you keep the girl at home? It is now nearly night, and you know the country is as full of vagabonds as hell is full of Yankees. (MRS. BRINLEY sighs.) What are you sighing about? Going to give up the ghost? [Sits L.]

DIVA. (Crosses L). I am at home, father. [Places arm around his neck.]

JUDGE B. Eh! Ah! Oh! Yes, yes, little girl, so you are. Where have you been?

DIVA. I was over to Serena Todd's, papa.

JUDGE B. Humph! She's a fine illuminated invitation card. Her hair is as red as Lew Wallace's. A regular torchlight.

DIVA. Don't you like Lew Wallace, papa?

JUDGE B. NO! Do you?

DIVA. (Calmly). Not in the least.

JUDGE B. I'm glad of that, girl, I'm glad of that. That is the first bit of pleasant news I have heard in a long time. Who brought you home?

DIVA. Mr. Henry Burnham.

JUDGE B. Who's Mr. Henry Burnham?

DIVA. He is the principal of the Academy. He boards at Mrs. Todd's, and, besides that, he is studying for the medical profession.

JUDGE B. Where is he from?

DIVA. I believe I heard him say he was from Bridgeport, Connecticut.

JUDGE B. The devil he is!

DIVA. Why, papa!

JUDGE B. A Yankee schoolmaster!

DIVA. And, papa, he—has—asked me to be his wife.

JUDGE B. I don't doubt it. A Yankee will take anything he can lay his hands on. And what did you tell him?

DIVA. I told him yes.

JUDGE B. You told him yes.

DIVA. And he asked mamma.

JUDGE B. And what encouragement did you give him, madam?

MRS. B. I referred him to you, Joseph.

JUDGE B. Very considerate in you, madam, very considerate.

Look ye girl (*rises*), from this hour on (*Diva crosses to R.*), in sunshine or shadow, smiles or tears, whatever be our lot or fortune in this world below, avoid this man and all his accursed kind! You know not where you drift. I do. Ten long and troubled years have not wiped out remembrance of a cruel, cruel wrong—remembrance of the murder of my brother! Child, could you have seen the look of agony upon that noble face, the form convulsed, the gasp for breath, the dying struggle of a grand, brave man—could you have watched the closing of those eyes to all he loved on earth, sooner would you have taken to your breast a viper from the slimy, stagnant swamp than listened to the suit of Henry Burnham!

DIVA. [Advancing L.] But, father.

JUDGE B. Away! The Northern sword has robbed you of your fortune and your kindred! And yet, you'd seek for consolation in the arms of one who fed the flames which have consumed our all. Go, wed the comrade of an assassin's band, and for a wedding dower, accept a father's curse. [Sits L. and covers face with hands.]

MRS. B. O, Joseph! Joseph!

DIVA. [c.] Dear father, listen. Your daughter will not add one trouble to your many. Rather than wed with one—rather than give my friendship, even, unto one whom you hold as belonging to a race accursed. I'd drive a dagger to my heart and die a loyal daughter at your feet! I will see him no more. [Covers her face with hands and turns R.]

JUDGE B. Thanks daughter, and God bless you. O, my martyred brother Daniel. [Tableau. JUDGE BRINLEY bends forward; DIVA L., MRS. BRINLEY R., of chair]

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—*Interior of old house.* D. L. F. *Practical window*
 L. F. *Old tables, chairs, benches, etc.* *Lodge room of*
Branch] 91, Loyal League, Town of Addleville. Time,
10 p. m.

[Enter LEW WALLACE and MAJOR BOGGS. D. L. F. Advance to table, u. c. They draw from their clothes candles and light them, and place on table by melting the ends for a base. Sit at table. BOGGS L., WALLACE R. WALLACE produces a bottle in silence, and both drink.]

MAJOR BOGGS. It is sorter late.

LEW. How late?

BOGGS. (looking at watch.) Ten o'clock. Say, Lew!

LEW. Well, say on, Major.

BOGGS. Don't you think we are gittin' at 'em?

LEW. Getting at who?

BOGGS. Them ex-rebel soldiers as wants all the political offices in the country.

LEW. I reckon we are, Major. I know of one who is teetotally busted from away back.

BOGGS. Who do you mean, Lew?

LEW. I mean the man I have been hunting for the last year.

BOGGS. Been after him for a year, eh?

LEW. Camping right on his trail.

BOGGS. (Drinks.) Who is he?

LEW. Why, Judge Brinley, the father of the belle of Addleville.

BOGGS. O! Yaas. An' I'm thinking you've been camping on the daughter's trail, too.

LEW. Come, Major, none of that. You just lasso that lively tongue of yours, and hold fast to it. (Drinks.) You can't crack jokes about her, and stay in my company. But say, there is going to be a new member of the Loyal League to-night.

BOGGS. So? Who's the candidate?

LEW. Henry Burnham.

BOGGS. What! The good looking schoolmaster?

LEW. Yes.

BOGGS. But who put up the inducement?

LEW. I did.

BOGGS. (Drinks.) I'm afraid he'll be a dangerous member.

LEW. (Drinks.) Can't help it. I've made up my mind to have him join, and, by heaven! join he shall, even though we have to choke him into line afterward. (Aside.) And then, my proud and haughty Diva Brinley, when you discover in Henry Burnham a member of the despised Loyal League—when the old Judge knows that he belongs to what he calls "a fantastic mob of hell," your cake will all be dough, and you'll be rudely wakened from your dream of love.

BOGGS. You have an object in view, of course.

LEW. Of course.

BOGGS. And may I ask you what it is?

LEW. O, yes, (*sneering*) you may ask—but I shall never answer.
(Noise D. L. F.) Hello! The boys are coming.

[Enter several rough looking men. HANK BASSION and HENRY BURNHAM, the latter with light overcoat on his arm which he throws over vacant chair L. Men seat themselves R. and L. and BURNHAM L. C., HANK BASSION, R. MAJOR BOGGS takes position behind table C., and LEW WALLACE at L. of same. BOGGS strikes table with rough gavel three times.]

BOGGS.—Is there a quorum present?

LEW. (*Glancing around.*) I think there is.

BOGGS. Then I declare Branch 91, Honorable Loyal League, opened in due form, and—and—ready for biz. The first thing on the docket is report of committees.

LEW. (*Rising.*) I beg to submit the following report. [Reads.] "Mr. President and Brethren of the Honorable Loyal League, Branch 91: I, as chairman of your Special Destruction Committee, am now in a position to say that good work has been done in the last week or two. We have burned several miles of fence, thirty stacks of fodder, and seven corn cribs. I can also assure you that our worst enemy, Judge Brinley, is pretty well run down at the heel, and I'll bet that he don't have six bits worth of anything on the top of the earth in three months from date. If he isn't already kiboshed he soon will be. Respectfully submitted.

"LEW. WALLACE. Chairman Committee."

BOGGS. Be there any other reports? If not, we will proceed to elect new members of the Honorable Loyal League, Branch 91. Who is the first applicant?

LEW. [Rising.] Mr. President, I nominate Henry Burnham. [LEW sits.]

HANK BASSION. [Rising.] I second the nomination. [Sits.]

HENRY BURNHAM. [Rising.] Mr. President and Members of the Honorable Loyal League: I must beg your indulgence for one moment while I decline to further proceed in this matter. Since one of the objects of this association appears to be the persecution of a poor, though just and upright man, I cannot conscientiously go further in the matter. While I believed this organization to represent true Republican principles, or rather the principle of Unionism as against Secession and the old rebel sentiment which should have died years ago, I was with you heart and hand. When it descends to personal oppression, I withdraw. [Crosses R.]

LEW. [Rising.] But hold a bit, my friend. You knew the objects of this organization; you have taken part in our proceedings; morally you are a member of the Loyal League.

BURNHAM. [R.] I am not. No oath has bound me yet. I bid you all good night. [Goes out L. Members rise in confusion. LEW. WALLACE steps in front of him as if to detain him; BURNHAM throws him to one side violently and exit D. L. F.]

LEW. All aint fish that comes into this net.

BOGGS. So it appears.

LEW. But Henry Burnham is a member of the Loyal League, all the same, to all intents and purposes. [Sits.]

HANK BASSION (Rising). Mr. President: From close observation of things going on, I am impelled to move that a committee be appointed to take charge of the United States mails as they are brought to town and leave it. Much valuable information might in this way be obtained as to the doings of our rebel—I mean our political enemies. I move you, Mr. President, that such a committee be appointed. [Sits.]

A MEMBER. Second the motion.

BOGGS. Good scheme! All in favor of that motion say "aye."

MEMBERS. Aye.

BOGGS. Contrary the same—carried. (*Raps three times*) I will appoint Mr. Bassion and Mr. Wallace on that committee. Is there any other business? If not, I declare the Honorable Loyal League, Branch 91, adjourned until the next regular meeting. [All exit D. L. F., except LEW, who comes down R.]

LEW (R., *glancing around sees BURNHAM'S overcoat on chair, L. Crosses L.*) Somebody's coat. (*Picks up and examines*). The schoolmaster wears good togs Ah! a pistol, and a fine one. (*Takes out revolver and examines it*). Henry Burnham, 1871. Henry Burnham, 1871. Wonder if it wouldn't read better, Lew Wallace, 1872? I've got bunches of pistols, but none of them engraved Henry Burnham, 1871. Ho! ho! ho! The dog loves Diva Brinley, and since I have sworn the gal shall sometime marry me, it would be awkward for her to fall in love with him. She's poor, and I will keep her so. Once let her know that Henry Burnham is a member of the Loyal League and all his most persuasive power could never link her name with his. Ho! ho! ho! He's struck with her; should she be struck with him, he must be struck by me. Ho! ho! ho! Shoot him? O, no. (*Makes motion of rope around his neck*). Hang him! (*Crosses L.*) Aye! stretch him by the hand of law, and then the proud Diva Brinley will thank me, her husband, for having saved her from the murderer's embrace. (*Crosses L.*) Yes, I'll hang him by the law. And this (*showing pistol*), the little beauty, shall assist me. (*Pockets pistol*.)

[Enter BURNHAM, D. L. F.]

BURNHAM. (*Coming down L.*) I forgot my overcoat. (*Takes it and puts it on*.)

LEW (R.). Its lucky for you I hadn't locked up and gone home.

BURNHAM. Are you ready to go home now?

LEW. Pretty quick. (*Aside*) Wonder if he'll miss it? I must keep him talking. (*Aloud*) Have you made the acquaintance of our village beauty yet?

BURNHAM (L.) Of whom do you speak?

LEW. [R.] Why, I didn't know that we had more than one beauty. I call her "my beauty."

BURNHAM. Your beauty! O, I understand. [*Aside*.] Is it possible that this creature aspires to the hand of Diva Brinley? I will find out. [*Aloud*.] You have referred to—

LEW. Miss Diva Brinley.

BURNHAM. Perhaps I may congratulate you.

LEW. Well, pretty near that, Schoolmaster. Diva and I understand each other. [Crosses C.]

BURNHAM. [L. aside.] And I understand you. [Aloud.] Well, Mr. Wallace I congratulate you.

LEW. Thanks.

BURNHAM. I wish I could say the same for Miss Brinley.

LEW. Well, can't you?

BURNHAM. No.

LEW. [Starting towards him angrily.] YOU LIE! [BURNHAM *falls him to the floor*, Lew is about to draw pistol when he checks his hand, and aside.] Not yet, not yet. [BURNHAM stands a moment over him and then slowly exits D. L. F.] NOT YET, NOT YET. [Joe Hart puts his head in window in F.]

JOE. What's the matter, old man?

LEW. Apoplexy.

JOE. Better now?

LEW. Yes.

JOE. Well, just remember, to-morrow the sun may be shining, although it is cloudy to-day. [Disappears]

LEW. [Rising.] I'll hang him by the law!

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.—*Same as Scene I. Time: Evening. D. L. F. Mrs. Brinley and Diva R. *Entombed* L. Serena Todd L. Mrs. Brinley sewing, Diva crocheting.*

DIVA. Where did papa go this evening, mamma?

Mrs. B. He went away in company with Tobe to look for some oxen which Tobe thought had been stolen, and taken to the military post.

DIVA. Are they not staying rather late? It is after nine o'clock.

Mrs. B. [Troubled.] Yes, my child, I know it is late [Goes to clock, U. R. F. and winds it.]

DIVA. Do you think the soldiers would hurt papa?

Mrs. B. [Coming down R. sits.] O, no. They wouldn't hurt an unarmed man in time of peace.

DIVA. But is this a time of peace, mother?

Mrs. B. They call it so, my dear.

DIVA. (Sighs.) Ah, yes, they call it so.

SERENA TODD. I think things are just getting too jolly for anything since—since—

DIVA. Since when, Serena?

SERENA. Since the new schoolmaster came to town. You know he boards at our house. O, but he's nice. He can play chess and the piano, and the flute, talk Latin and French and Dutch, ha! ha! ha! and he can do, the Lord knows what else beside, and he is just old sweetness for company. He plays the guitar.

DIVA. He seems to have, also, played upon your heart strings with good success.

SERENA. O, I ain't a bit ashamed to say I like him. I couldn't help it if I wanted to. I believe I like him almost as well as I do Joe Hart.

DIVA. You had better not let Joe Hart hear you say so.

SERENA. (*Seriously.*) Joe is just too comical for anything. He calls me his red-headed girl, and I just told him the other day that if he meant to convey the idea that he had also a black-headed girl, I'd just like to set my eyes on her. O, I'm red headed, and I ain't a bit ashamed of it. I'm a strawberry blonde, I am. Wouldn't you like to hear a song Joe wrote about me?

MRS. B. Indeed we would, Serena.

DIVA. Yes, by all means. What is the name of it?

SERENA. (*Coming down c.*) The Red-Headed Girl. (*Sings.*)

The red-headed girl! The red-headed girl!
O, list to the taunts of the masculine churl:
The bonny brown tress,
Wins the softest caress,
From dudes and from lovers; from knight and from earl.

I am free, though, to say,
While through time we now whirl,
That there's something intense
In a red-headed girl.

My tresses are brilliant; they shine in the sun,
They gleam in the gaslight, when daylight is done.
The bonny brown tress
May win the caress,
But the red-headed girl will share part of the fun.

I'm free, then, to say,
That I never will furl,
The banner I bear
For the red-headed girl.

Come, now, let me whisper, and boldly declare,
That the red-headed girl always wears her own hair;
The late-at-night hub.,
Coming home from the club,
Will not find it hung up on the back of a chair.

So I scorn every dude,
And fastidious churl;
For the warmest of hearts
Has the red-headed girl.

[*Serena goes L. and sits.*]

DIVA. How pathetic!

SERENA. O, it's touching. By the way, Joe is a great friend of Mr. Burnham's, but there is something on Joe's mind now, and I

don't know what it is. I hope it isn't some other girl. But he goes mooning around as mysterious as a—as a—as a—well, most anything you can think of. But don't you like Mr. Burnham, Diva?

MRS. B. Come, Diva, put up your work now. You must not try your eyes.

DIVA. Yes, mamma; I am tired *[Aside.]* So tired!

SERENA. I remember one time when Joe and I were down by the river. I teased Joe and called him an old bear, and told him that I thought Tom Bassett was the nicest boy in town. And what do you suppose he did?

DIVA. *[Crosses L.]* I have not the slightest idea; kissed you perhaps.

SERENA. Not much he didn't. He took me gently round the waist, and tossed me in the river.

DIVA. And you call that comical.

SERENA. Well, yes, it's pretty comical.

DIVA. And how did you get home?

SERENA. I didn't go home. I went down to Mrs. Hart's. They all say I'm a rattle-brained thing, and I reckon they are more than half right. *[Enter JOE HART, D. L. F.]* Gracious! Speak of the angels and you will hear the rustle of their wings.

JOE. *[Coming down c.]* Good evening, ladies.

MRS. B. *{*

DIVA. *{* Good evening, Joe.

SERENA. *{*

MRS. B. *[Rising, goes up R. and brings chair.]* Please be seated.

JOE. *[Sits, r. u. c.]* Thanks. Where is Uncle Brinley?

SERENA. Now, Joe, you didn't come to see your Uncle Brinley.

JOE. Didn't I?

SERENA. No; you came to see me home, and you know you did?

JOE. Did I?

SERENA. Of course you did, sir.

JOE. Well, if you say so, it must be so, even if it ain't so.

[Noise outside, D. L. F.]

SERENA. Hallo! I reckon, Diva, your pa is coming home.

[Enter TOBE, D. L. F., excited, and leans against the casing. All rise, MRS. BRINLEY and DIVA R., JOE. R. C., SERENA L.]

TOBE. O, de Lawd sabe an' preserve us! I wishes I had a sord—I wishes I had a gun — a—a—a—cannon—anyding — ebberyding whattle kill a man, an' I wishes de debbil had me afore dis day!

MRS. B. Tobe, what is wrong? Where is Mr. Brinley?

TOBE. De Lawd bress an' sabe us all. Yo' know he went fer ter fin' de oxen?

DIVA. Yes, but—quick! Where is he?

TOBE. Juss outside. *(Exit D. L. F., followed by JOE HART.)*

DIVA. Mamma, what can have happened?

[Enter BURNHAM, JOE and TOBE, bearing unconscious form of JUDGE BRINLEY, with head bandaged. They place him on lounge, l.]

MRS. B. (crosses l.) Merciful Heavens! Is he dead?

DIVA. (l.) No! Father--speak to me! (BURNHAM applies cordial to lips of JUDGE BRINLEY.)

BURNHAM. (To MRS. BRINLEY.) No, he is not dead. I trust it is nothing serious. Tobe, some water. (DIVA and MRS. B. bend over JUDGE B. BURNHAM chafes his hands. TOBE brings water. JOE HART and SERENA, R. U. C., converse.)

MRS. B. (To BURNHAM.) How was he injured?

BURNHAM. I learn from your servant that he found his oxen at the military post—that he claimed them as his own, and that hot words ensued—and a sergeant struck him on the head with the back of his sabre. Returning home from a visit to a patient, I met Tobe, who related his story, upon which I procured a conveyance, and we brought him home.

MRS. B. Ten thousand heartfelt thanks. O, how misfortunes gather fast around. (JUDGE BRINLEY opens his eyes, sees BURNHAM, and starts violently.)

JUDGE B. Where am I?

DIVA. Safe at home, dear father.

JUDGE B. Curse the cowardly Yaukee dog who struck me! But you! (Pointing to Burnham.) Who are you? I have seen that face before!

BURNHAM. My name, sir, is Henry Burnham.

JUDGE B. Ha! Henry Burnham! How came you here?

SERENA. (l.) Why, goodness gracious! He brought you home, Judge Brinley, and saved your life. (JOE HART pulls SERENA back, R. C.)

JUDGE B. Brought—me—home—and saved—my—life! All the evil spirits which are allowed to wander on this troubled earth have conspired against me. Placed under the obligation for my life to one who bears THAT FACE. Julia—pay—the—young man and let him go.

BURNHAM. What can this mean?

JUDGE B. (Rising on elbow.) It means that I hate your face, in which are mirrored the features of my deadliest foe on earth!

BURNHAM (l. c.) But, sir, I cannot understand. You are weak, sir.

JUDGE B. Weak! Yes, I am weak, and, were I not so weak, I'd throw you from my door! Let me ask you a question. Did you ever know a Federal officer by the name of Colonel Burnham?

BURNHAM. I did. He was my father.

JUDGE B. And is he dead?

BURNHAM. He is; but recently.

JUDGE B. Thank God! And yet—

BURNHAM. Hold, there, Judge Brinley! Do you know of whom you speak?

JUDGE B. Ah, yes, too well. That haunting, torturing resem-

blance now is all explained. Upon your father's orders my brother, Daniel Brinley, was *murdered—fouly murdered*. And you, that *murderer's* son, would wed my daughter, Diva! Go! Out of my humble hut where Poverty presides at the fatal bidding of your sire. You go—to never again darken its door by your baleful presence! I will not owe my life to you, for you may take it now ere I retract one word. From sire to son the assassin's blade, no doubt, is handed down! (BURNHAM retreats to D. L. F., turns and looks earnestly at DIVA.)

BURNHAM. And you—you—Diva! Do you also bid me go?

DIVA. (R. C.) I? O, no—no, Henry! But—I—promised I would never see you more!

BURNHAM.—You promised?

DIVA. (C.) Yes. Fate brought you here to-night to tempt me to repudiate my word. I cannot break that word and live, though crowned with love—and know my father's heart is broken. Here in this humble home—the poorest in the village—I cannot bid you stay against my father's will, and yet, O, Henry, I would die for you! My love can live—shall live through all the bitter years to come—though we may never meet again. Will yours? But I know not what I say. Yes, go—go as my father bid you—and God bless you—you and—yours. (Falls into MRS. BRINLEY's arms, who seats her c. sobbing. Exit BURNHAM D. L. F.)

JOE HART. [Aside.] To-morrow the sun may be shining, although it is cloudy to-day.

CURTAIN.

TOBE.

C.

JOE and SERENA.

R. C.

MRS. BRINLEY.

L. C.

DIVA.

C.

JUDGE BRINLEY.

L.

R.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Interior of ruined, deserted house. Walls and rafters charred by fire. Unfurnished. D. L. F. Old fireplace, R. Practicable window, R. F.*

[Enter DANIEL BRINLEY, D. L. F., attired in ragged clothes, old blanket over his shoulders, old, laced cavalry boots, long, matted, grey hair hanging on shoulders. Owls heard hooting in the distance. Comes down R. C. folds arms, and bows his head.]

DANIEL B. Ten years! Ten long and weary years, and yet, what do I know of time? They tell me that for nine years I was mad. Am I sane now? My memory is like a tangled skein of thread, that

all these years has baffled me by day and night. But one remembrance comes back to me now, clear and vivid. On that threshold my wife and children kissed me and bade me a last farewell. There they stood—and I, outside, bade them cheer up, and lightly rode away. And now, those loved ones are in heaven. To-day I sat beside their graves and wept the first warm tears my eyes have yielded for many a year. But one thing more remains for me to do—one sacred duty to perform. And then my spirit can float out in peace to join my loved ones in another land. [Crosses L. and looks around in troubled manner.] But how to restore that buried treasure! For months I have tried to concentrate my memory on this one point, where did I place that map? The face of the whole country as greatly changed. Small shrubs have grown to lofty trees; fields and plantations have turned into wildwood from neglect, and the homes of my friends into dust and ashes like my own. [Pauses.] The mists begin to clear away. I—think—ah—I remember. Thank God! [Goes toward fireplace R. begins to clear away debris.] At last, and now for peace. [Pries up a stone and draws forth a small iron box. Knocks off lid with stone and takes out a folded paper and bag of coin. Spreads the map out on floor and contemplates it.] There [tracing lines] is Boggy creek, and there the Norton plantation—and here is the hill—and there, at the foot of that hill, sixty-one yards due north from the little spring is the money. [Enter LEW WALLACE D. L. F.] The money!

LEW W. [Aside L. C.] The money! What money? Who can this fellow be? His face has a devilish familiar look. I'll surprise him. [Aloud.] Hello! Kernel. Fine day, this.

DANIEL B. [Glances hastily up and suddenly folds map and puts it in his pocket. Rises R.] Yes, a very fine day. Do you live in this vicinity?

LEW W. No. I live in Addleville.

DANIEL. At Addievile! Then perhaps you know—[aside] But I do not like his looks. I'll bridle my tongue.

LEW W. Perhaps I know what?

DANIEL. Nothing. I was only thinking of a friend of mine who once resided there.

LEW W. Which way are you traveling?

DANIEL. Southward.

LEW W. Then we'll be company. I go southward. I have been buying cattle up above here, and am now on my way home.

DANIEL. Beg your pardon. Did I say southward?

LEW W. That's what I understood.

DANIEL. I meant that I was going westward. [Aside] I fear this man. I'll mount my horse and make my way alone. [Aloud] Well, as I am anxious to reach a certain house before night, I must move on. Good day to you, sir. [Exit D. L. F.]

LEW W. [R. C.] Good day, sir. I wonder who he is. But, whoever he is, there seems to be money in it. I'd give something to know, and perhaps I may before many days. [LEW R. C. Enter BURNHAM D. L. F. Comes down L. C. Aside.] Ha! What the devil brings the schoolmaster here? [Aloud.] Schoolmaster, what brings you here?

BURNHAM. Business. Might I inquire what brings you here?
 LEW W. Business.

BURNHAM. [Coming down L.] Don't let me interrupt you.
 LEW W. O, I won't. Don't you worry about that.

[Exit D. L. F.]

BURNHAM [Crosses to R. C.] A ruin—a gloomy relic of perhaps a once happy home. I wonder who that tattered individual was I just met coming out of here. There was a strangely familiar look in his face—like some one I have seen before. What could that vampire, Wallace, be doing here? No good, I can safely guarantee. But that familiar look in the old man's face! Whom have I met that he resembles? [Crosses L. in deep thought.] Ah! But it cannot be—and yet his face is very like—Judge Brinley's. I will follow him if I can keep his trail—and by questioning may learn if he be—but then this Daniel Brinley died ten years ago, and by his death I lost Heaven's dearest gift to man—the Judge, a brother, and his worldly wealth. But still that stranger's haunting face! What vagrant impulse bids me follow him? What faint and shadowy hope is here held out to me? There are ghostly premonitions all around—and voices in the air. If it could but be he—O, Diva! Diva!—madness! To what weak straws will clutch a drowning man!

[Exit D. L. F.]

SCENE CLOSED IN.

SCENE II.—*Public Park in Addleville. Rustic benches in the distance.*

[Enter DIVA BRINLEY R. 1 E.]

DIVA [R.] I have seen him once again. He smiled, and I returned his smile with a cold and stony stare. But was it Diva Brinley? No. Her father's voice still echoed in her ear—her father's form rose up to check the first warm impulse of a loving heart. [Crosses L.]

[Enter JUDGE BRINLEY, L. 1 E.]

JUDGE B. Well, little girl, enjoying a walk, eh. Even the poor are welcome to a morning airing in the public park. I have just been to the postoffice, and here's a letter for you. (Gives DIVA letter and crosses R. C.).

DIVA. A letter for me! Who could have sent it? (Looks at post mark. Turns it over and over.) I do wish I knew who it was from.

JUDGE B. Do you want to know, now, really—real bad?

DIVA. (Still turning letter.) Yes.

JUDGE B. Well, then, perhaps if you should open it you might find out. Ha! ha! ha! That is the way with a woman. She will worry over a letter half a day trying to guess who sent it. Well, good morning.

[Exit R. 1 E.]

DIVA. This looks like a school girl's hand. (*Opens letter and reads.*) "My dear young lady: I take my pen in hand to say a few words of warning to you. Being a true friend I would hate to see you get into any trouble. You like Mr. Henry Burnham, and I will say that he is not worthy of your love. He is a red-hot member of the Loyal League. He is just old pizen to us Southerners, as you well know, and you had better look out for him.

Yours ever, A TRUE FRIEND."

[Enter JOE HART R. 1 E. *Diva conceals letter.*]

JOE. Ahem! Cousin Diva, what does he say now? Will he, positively, meet you by moonlight alone—and resume business at the old stand?

DIVA. Who?

JOE. The victim. The one that's struck by Cupid's gentle dart.

DIVA. Joe, as my true and honorable cousin, can I trust you with a secret?

JOE. [Melodramatically.] May the moon never beam--may the stars never shine—

DIVA. That will do, Joe.

JOE. That's what I thought. I was getting a little bit tired myself.

DIVA. Well, read that letter. [Gives JOE letter and crosses R. C.]

JOE. [L.] What is this, anyway?

DIVA. It is a letter.

JOE. It looks more like a bad case of delirium tremens.

[Reads letter to himself and hands it back to DIVA.]

DIVA. What do you think of it, Joe?

JOE. Nothing. [Exit L. 1 E.]

DIVA. I wish I knew what he really does think about it; but, then, he always was an enigma. A Chinese puzzle. But why did he go away so suddenly? [Enter JOE L. 1 E.]

JOE. I forgot to say, Cousin Diva, that if I were you—

DIVA. [Eagerly.] Well!

JOE. And one-half as good looking—

DIVA. Joe!

JOE. That I wouldn't lose any sleep on account of that letter. (Gives DIVA a piece of paper.) As the Honorable William H. Shakespeare says, "Look on this picture and then on that." Just compare the writing.

DIVA. Why, they are identical!

JOE. It does look that way.

DIVA. And the one who wrote this wrote the other.

JOE. Yes.

DIVA. And—who—wrote this?

JOE. Lew Wallace. But remember, cousin, to-morrow the sun may be shining although it is cloudy to-day. (Exit JOE L. 1 E.)

DIVA. (*Going R.*) He is nothing to me—can be nothing to me. What difference can it make whether he is a member of the Loyal League or not? But is he? And if he *were*, it would be but one more barrier between us. I'll school myself, obey my father's words—and yet—[*Exit R. 1 E.*]

[*Enter LEW WALLACE and HANK BASSION L. 1 E.*]

BASSION. Well, before I can decide upon this question, let's see the documents. You have received some letters, being one of the Mail Confiscating committee. Show 'em up, and if there's anything in sight I'll join you. But don't go to romancing about one hundred and forty thousand dollars in gold unless you have got some ground to work on. Show up the letter.

LEW. Here is the letter which I checked upon its flight, and brought it down on the wing. (*Produces letter and reads.*)

AUSTIN, Texas, June 5, 1872.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—You will doubtless be surprised to hear from me after [*Enter BURNHAM L. 2 E.*] so many years. While on my way to *ddleville* I lost the road, and at last found myself here in Austin, again prostrated with fatigue and sickness. Come to me at once, that I *may* restore to you the buried fortune before I die. I have the map here in my hand as I write. There are but a few miles between yourself and one hundred and forty thousand dollars in gold, which I buried. Dear brother come at once. In haste.

DANIEL BRINLEY.

BASSION. Well, what's your plan?

LEW. Secure this map.

BASSION. What then?

LEW. Dig up the gold.

BASSION. And plant the man?

LEW. Correct.

BASSION. Old, man, I'm with you. Half the money goes to you and half to me. [*Shakes hands, BURNHAM exits L. 2 E.*]

[*Enter DR. BILGER R. 2 E.*]

BILGER. Good morning, gentlemen, good morning.

LEW. Morning to you Dr. Bilger. (*Aside to BASSION*). I wonder if his Royal Nibs heard anything. Damn him, he knows too much already. (*ALOUD*) What's the news, doctor?

BILGER. (R. C.) Nothing of importance. By the way, have you seen anything of the Connecticut Yankee quack this morning?

LEW. You mean Hank Burnham?

BILGER. I mean that medico-pedagogical, malpracticing journeyman sawbones, who is now practically engaged in breaking the girls' hearts and killing off his patients. Haven't seen him, have you?

LEW W. [C.] No, we haven't seen hide nor hair of him. [*Enter HENRY BURNHAM, L. 1 E.*] Hello! Here he is now. Say, Burnham, here's Dr. Bilger inquiring after a Connecticut Yankee quack. Have you seen anything of him? Ho! ho!

BURNHAM. [L.] Dr. Bilger, I do not desire a quarrel with you, nor will I allow myself to be drawn into any controversy in regard to the, so called, different schools of practice which you and I profess to represent.

BILGER. [R.] No Yankee schoolmaster can come down here and drive me out of Addleville. Your handsome face, and form so like the Apollo Belvidere, may break the ladies' hearts; but you cannot set their bones and live in Addleville. The citizens have sized you up—they know your worth—and soon will ask you to evacuate the town. [Exit BILGER. R. 2 E.]

LEW W. Ho! ho! Schoolmaster, y-u seem to have lost your grip. If you'd only join the Loyal League, your friends would rally round you. Ho! ho! ho!

BASSION. (C.) And stick to you closer than a brother.

BURNHAM. Friends rally round me! Join the Loyal League to capture friends like you two! May Heaven guard and protect me against such friends as you.

LEW W. How's that, you Yankee mudsill! (Draws knife and advances on BURNHAM.)

BASSION. (Advances L.) We'll wring your neck, you cowardly, traitorous whelp.

BURNHAM. (Draws pistol.) Stand back! Or, by the gods, you may learn that I have borne enough. You boast that Texas rears the children of her soil to kill on sight. They tell me here in Addleville that I, too, come of a family which kills.

LEW W. Drop him, Hank! Down him in his tracks!

(HANK draws revolver. Enter JOE HART, L., with pistol. LEW and BASSION fall back center.)

JOE H. Fair play is a jewel! Two into one you can't. That's arithmetic.

LEW W. (Aside,) My time will come!

JOE H. To-morrow the sun may be shining, although it is cloudy to-day.

LEW and BASSION. JOE HART and BURNHAM.

R.

C.

L. C.

L.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Night. Front of Dr. BILGER's residence. Fence and gate. Lights down.*

(Enter TOBE L. 2 E.)

TOBE. At las' I'm on de tramp. I couldn't eat de bread of Colonel Brinley when de fam'ly was so po'. An' now I'se on de road, an' fer dis night I'll juss lay down on Dr. Bilger's gallery. De

fam'ly is all gone ter bed, an' Tobe will be up wid de chickens, an' off agin.

(*Lies down on gallery, l. Slow music. Enter LEW W. R. 2 E.*)

LEW W. The schoolmaster has gone to set a broken arm. Can he set his own broken neck? He is bound to pass this way before long, and then, my high toned Burnham, the chances are that you wil pass the way of all the earth. Ho! ho! ho! You have rode me bare back, and you've drove the rowels in too deep—too deep. (*Draws revolver from his pocket and examines it.*) It was a lucky strike the night I captured this, and with it, I will rid myself of two who know too much—too much. Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis—dangerous to be wise. Ho! Ho! (*Reads inscription on revolver.*) "Henry Burnham. 1871." I reckon the proud, imperious Diva Brinley will not pine for him when the hangman's noose is tightening round his neck. I hear foot steps. (*Bends low and listens. Slow music*) 'Tis he, and now for the transformation scene. Ho! Ho! Ho! (*Walks up to DR. BILGER's door and knocks.* TOBE at end of gallery, l. *raises and looks attentively at LEW.* DR. BILGER appears in the doorway bearing a lighted candle. LEW retreats to the gate, fires at BILGER, who falls center of gallery. LEW throws down pistol by gate and exits R. 1 E. NEGRESS appears in doorway and bends over BILGER.)

NEGRESS. De good Laud sabe us! Massa Bilger's killed.

BILGER. (*Feebly.*) Nance—I—am—dying—murdered!

NANCE. O, my poor Massa Bilger! Who's de man what killed yer.

BILGER. That red-headed thief and—desperado—no! no!—that scoundrel—Dr. Burnham—re—mem—ber it was—Dr. Burnham—re—mem— (*Dies. Nancy beside him sobs.*)

(*Enter BURNHAM l. 1 E. with case of instruments. Exit TOBE R. 3 E. Negress exit D. F.*)

BURNHAM. (l. c.) Who fired that shot? I saw a dark form running through the field. Some tramp, I think bent on robbery, and, doubtless, Dr. Bilger shot after him to frighten him away. This is a dark and gloomy night. (*Lightning and thunder.*) What makes me feel so nervous? (*Enter two officers R. 1 E.*)

FIRST OFFICER. Did you hear a shot?

BURNHAM. I did, and think that Dr. Bilger must have fired upon a tramp. [*Exit officers l. 1 E.*] I wish I had my horse. [*Exit R. 1 E.*]

[*Enter TOBE R. 3 E.*]

TOBE Now dere's to be mo' trubble for po' old Tobe. All de time in trubble. I done leff Massa Brinley's kase I couldn't stay an' eat de las' crust of bread in de house—an' now mebbe dey'll hang me kase I happened ter be hanging aroun' here in dese unfortunate parts, when dat Lew Wallace done shot Dr. Bilger. O, Lor', but dese am offle wicked times. Ef I go ter town, dey'll catch an' hang me, suah. Ise gwine ter take to de woods an' be a wild man. [*Exit R. 1 E.*]

[Enter HANK BASSION L. 1 E.]

BASSION. I have traced him here, only to lose him. What deviltry lies in that red and shocky head of his. He thinks that he has used me all he needs, and now would shake me like a viper from his arm, and rob me of my share of the buried money. But, no, my lovely Lew with auburn hair, you'll find Hank Bassion is not so easily shaken from your throat. But I am sure I heard a shot. Perhaps, Lew Wallace, you have been at some of your old tricks again. (Negress appears at door with light.)

NEGRESS. Whar will I git help? O, whar can I git help?

BASSION. (Looking over gate sees body.) Here, aunty, what's the racket? Ha, Lew Wallace, by the eternal, I have you on the hip. (Tableau.)

SCENE CLOSED IN.

SCENE II.—*Street in Addleville.*

[Enter two citizens L. 1 E.]

FIRST CITIZEN. I cannot believe that Henry Burnham did it.

SECOND CITIZEN. But the pistol—his own weapon—with his name engraved upon it, found by the gate, and he himself discovered near the house, by two officers. It looks quite dark for Dr. Burnham.

FIRST CITIZEN. It does, indeed. (Exit CITIZENS, R. 1 E.)

(Enter JOE HART L. 1 E.)

JOE (c.) The sun, it may never be shining—because it's so cloudy to-day. (Exit R. 1 E.)

(Enter JUDGE BRINLEY, L. 1 E.)

JUDGE B. (l. c.) Surely, I am having more than my share of this world's toil and trouble. It's not enough that my brother has been murdered, my fortune buried in the bowels of the earth, but now my child—the idol of an old man's heart—must daily pine away in secret, unavailing love for the murderer's son. Have I done her a wrong? No—no—away with melting thoughts like these; and welcome, O, remembrance of that dreadful scene the day my brother died! Again in Henry Burnham I can see a murderer's face—those features freeze the old man's heart, and once again he's firm. (Exit R. 1 E.)

(Enter DIVA BRINLEY, L 1 E.)

DIVA. What can have happened? A strange foreboding of impending evil is in the air, above and all around me. The village is excited.

(Enter SERENA TODD, L. 1 E.)

SERENA. Isn't it just awful? Awful!

DIVA. What?

SERENA. Why, to think that he, of all the men in the world, should do such a wicked thing! I couldn't think of marrying him now, even if he should get cleared by the jury. Would you?

DIVA. Of whom are you talking?

SERENA. Why, haven't you heard about it? The whole town of Addleville is ringing with the story. It's the awfulest thing imaginable.

DIVA. But, what is it?

SERENA. Dr. Bilger was murdered in his own door last night—shot down upon the threshold.

DIVA. By whom?

SERENA. By Henry Burnham!

DIVA. (c.) 'Tis false—as false as hell!

SERENA. (l. c.) O, Diva, don't.

DIVA. He a murderer! Girl, you lie!

SERENA. O, Diva, but his pistol was found in front of Dr. Bilger's house, where he had accidentally dropped it. Two policemen found him lurking near the house at about the time the shot was fired. And besides that, Diva, you know that he and Dr. Bilger have quarreled many times of late, and everybody knows that there was bad blood between them.

DIVA. (Clasping her hands.) That is true. (Aside.) O, God! why am I so weak?

(Enter JUDGE BRINLEY, R. 1 E.)

JUDGE B. Diva.

DIVA. Father.

JUDGE B. The murderer's brand descends from sire to son.

DIVA. No! no! The charge is false! He will be proven guiltless!

JUDGE B. No quibbles of the law can break the chain of evidence which binds the Yankee adventurer in its heavy folds. With Henry Burnham hanged, my brother's blood will partially be avenged. Come, Diva, thank your father for the stern command which saved you from the guilt—the shame—

DIVA. (Crossing R. JUDGE B. C.) Say no more. I gave my word to heed your cruel mandate—and I kept it loyally and true. The alternative was this: "Go, wed a comrade of an assassin's band, and for a wedding dowry accept a father's curse!" That was the choice you threw to me, and I repressed the pleadings of my heart—beat down the passionate impulse of a woman's love—resigned all claim to rights which were my own, and threw away the one bright gift of love—the only ray of light which pierced the gloom of poverty for years. All this I did to please you, father. What was your return? Day after day, while I was silent, dutiful, sincere, you rained down curses, gibes and sneers upon his head. You spared no sacred feeling I might have—respected not a daugh-

ter's filial sense of duty—reviled and cursed the very holy passion of her love, and then assumed the cap and bells to mock her dearly bought obedience. You spared him not, and now I'll not spare thee! I do accept that dowry—the bitterest curse your tongue can frame may fall on me; and never again will Diva Brinley cross the humble threshold of your home. You are my father—but, as you would not descend to mock the maiden love of the woman who bore me, and who so fondly clung to you in prosperity and in the long night of sorrow, so I ask you to respect mine. Although the galling chains of poverty and trouble may have cramped my nature all these years, I have still grown up to be—a woman, with a woman's feelings and a woman's heart. 'Tis true, the maid who loves goes out to sea upon a shattered plank and puts her trust in miracles for safety; so I go out, alone, to meet and battle with the threatening hosts around. Father, farewell! (*Exit* R. 1 E.)

JUDGE B. No! Diva! Diva!—but the memory of that face! Farewell, my daughter. Here our paths diverge. Heaven guard, sustain and save thee. (*Exit* L. 1 E.)

SERENA, (L.). Gracious me! But that's the gamest girl in Texas. But put me in her shoes, and I'd have said the same. (*Enter* JOE HART R. 1 E.) Why, Joe.

JOE. (*Pulling off his hat.*) The wind sits in the east and the clouds grow darker and thicker. I have been to see lawyer Shelby. He says the case agains' Burnham is a bad one, and when lawyer Shelby says bad he means—damned bad.

SERENA. Joe, ain't it awful.

JOE. (*Scratching his head.*) I wish I knew who did it.

SERENA. Why, Henry Burnham.

JOE. Did he? (*Shaking his finger at Serena.*) If you say that again, you'll die an old maid.

SERENA. O then I won't. But I can't help saying that everybody—except old Brinley—appears to be in love with Henry Burnham. But it's the way of the world. Once let a man commit a murder—I aint saying that Mr. Burnham's a murderer—but let any good looking man commit a murder, and all the women in the universe fall dead in love with him. Boquets and banquets for the man who kills, no matter whether he be a man-killer or a lady-killer. (*Exit* L. 1 E.)

JOE. Which way to turn, or what to do, I cannot tell, for all looks dark. But—to-morrow the sun may be shining, although it is cloudy to-day. (*Exit* L. 1 E.)

[*Enter* LEW W. and HANK BASSION R. 1 E.]

LEW. (R. C. *Angrily*) I knew you were an infamous liar, but I hardly believed you were a cowardly sneak.

BASSION, [C.] Take care, Master Lew, that you don't goad Hank Bassion too far. I have never yet taken the word "Coward" from living man. It disagrees sadly with my French blood. I have killed my man, but—I never murdered one.

LEW. What do you mean by that?

BASSION. I mean what I say.

LEW W. Well, that doesn't concern me.

BASSION Perhaps not. (*Aside. Draws imaginary circle around his neck.*)

LEW W. Hank Bassion, it's a wonder to me the gallows never caught you.

BASSION. That's what I think, considering the number of years I have been your tool. (*Crosses L.*)

LEW W. (*Crosses R. C.*) Talking about hanging—which isn't quite the pleasantness subject for a tea table chat—but, talking about hanging, that young hound, Burnham, will soon stretch hemp. And—

BASSION. And what?

LEW W. It's a pity you couldn't bear him company.

BASSION. Thanks. But what would you have Burnham stretch hemp for?

LEW W. For the sake of dear old Bilger—not lost, but gone before.

BASSION. (*Shrugging his shoulders.*) Perhaps some one else might hang for that.

LEW W. (C.) Who?

BASSION. Who! Ha! Ha! Ha!

LEW W. Who? Who else, I say?

BASSION. (*Pointing to Lew.*) You! (LEW retreats and draws knife.)

LEW W. You dog! Dare you accuse me?

BASSION. [R.] I dare. [Draws knife.] This world is large and wide—but hardly large enough or wide enough for you and me. Throw down that knife, or I will play a trump card that will cheat the gallows of its just and legal dues!

LEW W. [Rushing upon BASSION.] I'll help you, by the gods! (Fight. Cut, parry and thrust. BASSION falls R. C.)

TABLEAU.—Scene opened out. Prison cell with Henry Burnham behind grated door. Diva Brinley outside of grates, looking in. She turns slowly around and faces audience. Burnham bows his head. Despair. Blue light.

BASSION.

R.

R. C.

C.

LEW W.

L. C.

L.

CURTAIN.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Cut wood near Addleville. Time night.*

[Enter BURNHAM and JOE HART R. 2 E.]

BURNHAM. [R. C.] I hardly think there can be any mistake about it. The letter which Lew Wallace read to Bassion—and—

unknown to him, to me, was signed by Daniel Brinley. There are no other Brinleys. What object could induce a man to forge that name? I am also satisfied that the ragged individual whom Tobe described to me as roaming aimlessly along the river bank this afternoon is the one I saw in the ruined house. And, mark you, I have lately learned that old house was his home.

JOE [C. Starting.] No!

BURNHAM. [Crosses L.] Yes, that I learned in jail.

JOE. But the judge swears positively that Daniel Brinley died in sixty-two, was murdered by—

BURNHAM. My father; yes, he says so, Joe. But, if 'tis false—

JOE. Why then—the sun will be shining, although it is cloudy to-day.

BURNHAM. Far stranger things have happened, and, indeed, no fiction yet from the pen of the most ingenious novelist has equalled in mysterious, dark intensity of plot some startling incidents of that war in which 'tis claimed this Daniel Brinley fell. Had it not been for that unfortunate murder of Dr. Bilger, which came so near undoing me, I do believe I could have cleared up this mystery long before.

JOE. That was a close call for you. Ugh!

BURNHAM. Too close for comfort, yes. But there is one more thing which gives me hope of tracking down the man, whoever he may be.

JOE. What's that?

BURNHAM. The fact that this Lew Wallace has disappeared since the day of my examination and discharge. I doubt not he put long miles between himself and Addleville, and therefore he cannot consummate whatever devilish plans he has on this man's life or fortune, in order to obtain the buried treasure. I have no doubt, however, but the man we seek has been, at times, in Lew's power.

JOE. But now, you think, that Lew has jumped the game, drawn out, cashed in his chips, and skipped for Mexico?

BURNHAM. Well, I think he's gone. We'll pursue the trail of this mysterious man. If lucky we shall win, and then replace the glories of a heaven within a home now draped with mourning weeds—where aged hearts are bowed with grief.

JOE. I'm with you there. (*Exit BURNHAM and JOE R. I E.*)

[Enter LEW W. L. 1 E.]

LEW. [L. C.] Hunting and being hunted, My star seems sinking low, but—I will see it higher yet, and brighter. But to-night it is almost set—my deadliest foe triumphant; my best lai'l plans have all miscarried, the murder is out, the hunt is up, and the hounds of law bay madly at my heels. And he stands vindicated by the law which seeks to hunt me down! There are two more lives upon the debit page against me. Bah! We are playthings for each other in this world; what's a human life? And there'll be more than that before Lew Wallace joins the final round-up. Had I but been more careful, and kept a closer watch upon that monied lunatic, I might

have now been jingling his chink, and snapping my fingers at the law. *They don't hang men with money!* But he, too, slipped out, and was lost in the shuffle. If I can only find him again and head him off once more, Judge Brinley then will never see his brother. I'll search these woods again. (LEW crosses R.) Some one is coming--perhaps to call on me. I'm not at home. [Exit R. l E.]

(Enter DANIEL B. l. 2 E. with roll of paper. Walks feebly to c. as though looking for a path.)

DANIEL B. God help me! I have again lost my way. That wretch who wants to rob me of the only key to our buried treasure is snapping at my heels. Could I but find my way to Addleville—(Pauses, looking around.) It cannot be so very far. (Enter LEW W. r. 1 E.) Not over six miles I—

(LEW crosses c. grasps his throat and throws him down.)

LEW. Damn you! You can't escape me now. Give me that map. (Clutches at paper.) Turn loose that map, or I'll brain you. (Draws revolver and raises it to strike.) Turn loose, I say, or—

Enter BURNHAM and JOE, r. 1 E. They draw revolvers and present them at LEW.)

BURNHAM. Ay! Turn loose!

LEW. (Looks up.) Curse you! (Fires at BURNHAM and misses. JOE fires at LEW, who falls dead. BURNHAM raises DANIEL BRINLEY in his arms. Tableau.)

BURNHAM and DANIEL.

LEW W.

JOE HART.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

CURTAIN.

—

SCENE II.—*Same as SCENE I, ACT I. Mansion house of JUDGE BRINLEY. Modern, handsome furniture. DANIEL BRINLEY discovered seated in large arm chair c. JUDGE BRINLEY l. MRS. BRINLEY r. Table r. c. DIVA r. of CHAIR. BURNHAM r. c. at table. Lounge, chairs, etc. BURNHAM rises and brings medicine to DANIEL r.*

DANIEL B.—Thank you. I feel easier now.

JUDGE B. You say, brother Daniel, that Colonel Burnham was very kind to you upon discovering his mistake?

DANIEL B. Kind as a brother. During all those years which

are to me—so blank—Colonel Burnham spent his wealth upon me, and manfully he sought to atone for the mistake.

JUDGE B. Fool that I was for leaving you. But fired by wild ambition for revenge, that night I fled and left you, as I thought, dead.

DIVA. And, uncle, does Henry resemble Colonel Burnham?

DANIEL B. He does, Diva, very, very much.

DIVA. You heard that, father. Henry resembles Uncle Daniel's truest friend.

JUDGE B. Girl, spare me. Forgive—forget. O, that resemblance! It has caused so much unnecessary pain.

DANIEL B. I fully comprehend all that. But, brother, let these bitter feelings die with the dying past, and be buried with the cause we lost. Ten years have rolled over the graves of the blue and the gray, and now we know no North—no South—but one united country, and one flag. Doctor, some wine. [BURNHAM brings wine from table.]

JUDGE B. Brother, I only say—forgive—forget. A brighter day has dawned upon us all. I bear no bitter feelings now, nor can I longer storm and rave at Fate. My peace is made with Henry Burnham, and would that I could take his father by the hand. That cannot be, and yet [crosses R.] I join these hands [takes BURNHAM AND DIVA'S] and for a wedding dowery bequeath a father's—blessing.

DANIEL B. Those are sentiments worthy of you, Joseph. And when I, too, have joined my loved ones in the land of eternal peace, do not mourn for me, but be happy—all.

DIVA. But, uncle, you are not to die. You must get well and stay with us for many years to come.

DANIEL B. No, child, it cannot be. Nor—would—I have it so. I—feel—the time for—for leaving you is near.

BURNHAM. I hope, sir, that your fears are groundless. To you I owe these bright and joyous hopes which illumine the future. To you I owe the friendship and the kindness I have so lately found. To you I owe the bright fruition of a noble, pure ambition—to you I owe the heart, the hand of Diva.

DANIEL B. And I owe all to you.

BURNHAM. How darkly lowered the clouds around one week ago. Then, lying in a dismal cell, accused of a terrible crime, with almost conclusive evidence against me, I saw no ray of hope—nor did I wish to live. Then Diva came—withdrew the cruel words with which she bade me leave her father's house and—then I wished to live. I prayed to live, and, well my prayer was answered. As witness to the cruel deed of Wallace, came the faithful Tobe.

[Enter TOBE, L. 2 E.]

TOBE. (Crossing to BURNHAM.) Yaas, sir, here I is.

BURNHAM. O, I didn't call you, Tobe. I simply mentioned your name.

TOBE. Did yer—did yer mention my name?

BURNHAM. Yes.

TOBE. Den I tanks yer for dat.

[Enter JOE HART and SERENA TODD u. c. e.]

JOE. (L. c.) { Good evening, all. [Shake hands with all.]
SERENA. (L. c.) {

JOE. How are you to-day, uncle.

DANIEL B. Weak. Quite weak, my boy, but peacefully happy. And how are you, Joseph. Who is this young lady with you?

JOE. Miss Serena Todd. Time and again I've tried to run away from her, but could not. She held me spell-bound—fascinated.

BURNHAM. How, Joe?

JOE. She did it with her hair. Ah, Burnham, remember what I told you once—or twice—to-morrow the sun may be shining, although it is cloudy to-day. Always wait till the clouds roll by.

BURNHAM True, Joe. Intricate and strange are the pathways of time. We were pressed and beset by secret foes. I became the football of villains, and almost a member of an assassins' band. But the shackles have fallen away, and here, this day, I swear to leave no stone unturned to root out from existence that hideous spectre with a noble name—that monster masquerading in the name of patriotism—“The Loyal League.”

DIVA. Amen.

JUDGE B. Thank God for that, Burnham!

JOE. (Extending hand.) Put it there, old boy.

DANIEL B. Brother, come here. (JUDGE B. crosses c.) Give me your hand. Julia, come—here—please. (MRS. B. crosses c.) Are you quite—sure you both forgive me—for—the sorrow—I have caused you?

JUDGE B. Daniel, do not speak thus. There is nothing—nothing to forgive. Through my own selfishness I bade you stay. I knew your brave, chivalrous nature would chafe beneath the chain with which I sought to bind you. 'Tis I who need forgiveness, and not you.

DANIEL B. And now I want to say one word to these young people here. If anything should happen to me—something may, you know—I have scrawled a sort of will. You all can witness it. Of my share of the buried treasure, Diva takes one-half; the other half divide between our Joseph Hart and Burnham. And, brother, be my executor.

MRS. B. O, Daniel! Do not talk of wills to-day--this happiest day in years.

DANIEL B. 'Tis better that I should, sister—better that I should.

DIVA. (Kneeling.) No, no, dear uncle—do not—look—so strangely at me!

DANIEL B. Poor child! I do not dread to die. They are waiting for me—wife—and Frank—and Sadie—up—up there.

MRS. B. He's dying!

JUDGE B. Daniel! Daniel!

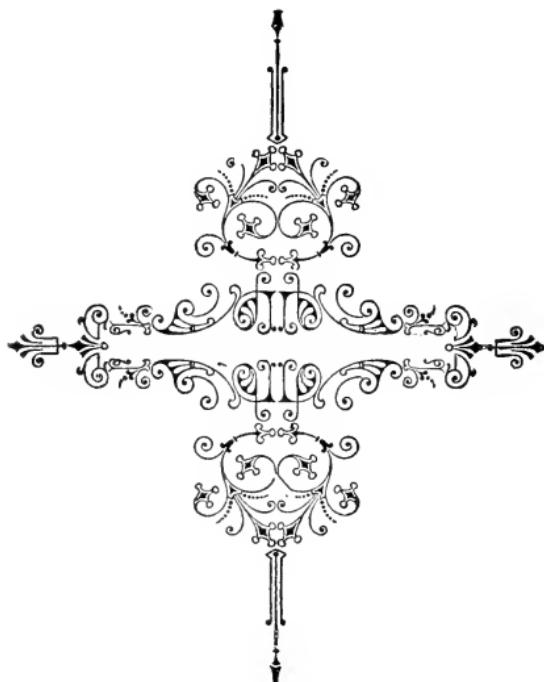
DANIEL B. Brother! (Dies.)

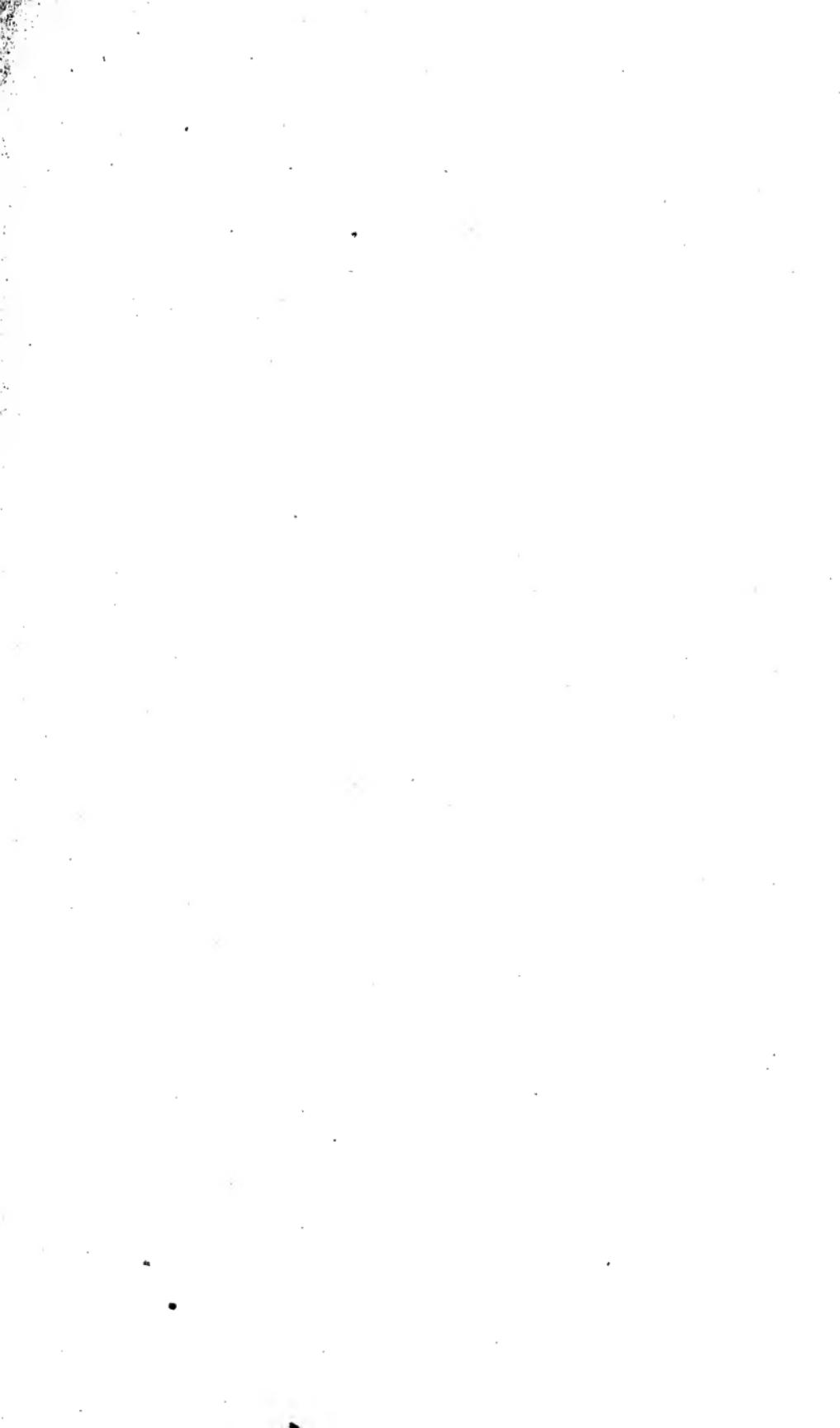
BURNHAM. He has passed away to the land where are peacefully assembled the brave and the noble from both sides of the battle line—the only true LOYAL LEAGUE! (Tableau.)

[*Scene opened out, giving a background of blue sky, with the white-robed forms of a woman and two children. Red light, and low chanting behind the scenes.*]

BURNHAM. MRS. B. DANIEL B. JUDGE B. JOE H. TOBE.
DIVA SERENA.
R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

CURTAIN.





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